

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, May 20. 1708.

I Have been exhorting you, Gentlemen, in the ensuing Elections, not to fail to choose *Tories* and *High-Flyers*, and State mad Men, and take a full Trial of their Care and Concern for the publick Affairs, for your Liberties, Religion, Posterity, Protestant Succession, and National Union. No doubt but these Gentlemen will do their Share for you, and who knows what happy Days may follow, especially considering you never yet had any Trial of their Conduct, and are ignorant of the People, and why should you not try all Parties?

It is true, you have heard what one side says, and these *Whig* Scriblers have told you long Stories of the Danger of

TACKERS, *High-Flyers*, *Anti-Unioners*, *Jacobites*, and such Sort of Folk; but they are but one side, they are a noise, discontented People, always complaining, always uneasy, and that never could forbear railing at their Superiors; you ought to try *once at least* effectually; there is no teaching in the World like the teaching of Experience, and we ought to believe no Arguments like those of a plain Demonstration.

Now is any thing more certain, than that we have had no Experience to contradict this? Nay, our Experience of the *Tory* Management ought to move us to this new Essay; for tell me, Gentlemen, whenever we had a *Tory* Management in this Nation, but

but they did our Business for us better, than we ever could do it our selves: Did they ever espouse their own Party, but they betray'd it? Had they ever the *French King's Affairs* in their Hands, but they ruin'd them? Did they joyn with King *James*, what was the Effect? Did they not overthrow him, *ay Gentlemen Whigs*, and that so swiftly, and so surely, as you could never have done with all the Art and Policy in the World; I wonder, Gentlemen, this should not encourage you to choose them again.

What, tho' in the Beginning of the present Reign they had the Reins, and were running Things up to some of their usual Extremes, and we were afraid of farther Mischiefs; did not those very Extremes awaken you, and again restore all? To whom do you owe all your happy Settlement? how did you obtain a Union-Parliament, an honest Ministry, a *Whig Ascendant* in the House of Peers? To whom do you owe the present united Circumstances of *Britain*, a Protestant Succession, and a just Administration? Was it not all due to the *Tories*? Did not they, as the necessary Consequence of all their own Managements, push us upon all these happy Prospects, and like true *Tory-Horsemen* opening the Gate on the wrong side, let us through, and shut themselves out?

I could give you a long History of their Management in the Times of their entire Possession of this Island, and shew you how naturally *Tory-Administration* circulates into *Whig-Revolution*; and be it Court-Revolution, or Church-Revolution, or National-Revolution; it is the same thing; *Jacobite* Persecution brought on the Destruction of Popish Councils, and form'd the Revolution; *High Flying* Occasional Bills fastned our Toleration; *Tory* Trifling in former Treaties set us resolutely about the Union; Threats of a young Popish Successor embark'd both Nations in the Settlement on the House of *Hannover*; an invading Pretender has again given us Hands to clench fast the Liberty of these Kingdoms. Pray, Gentlemen, how would we have done these Things our selves?

Let us but look into our own Conduct a little, and you will find, that give us but a Loose of uncommon Safety, and we presently grow secure; pamper'd with our Ease we grow regardless of the Plots of our Enemies, and which is worse, always apply our selves to inward Jealousies, Feuds and private Breaches among our selves; if our Friends take a wrong Step, we are the first that open at them, and joyn with our Enemies to reproach the whole Party; we are cutting our own, and one anothers Throats with such Dilligence and Dexterity, that our Enemies cannot hurt us half so fast, as we are willing to hurt our selves; and to what Purpose will you choose *Whigs* now, to carry on this general Feud among us? Do but choose *Tories*, they will do you all Good a thousand Ways, they will AWAKE you, they will UNITE you, they will DESTROY THEMSELVES for you, they will ruin their whole Party for you; in short, they will do every thing you want.

I have told you already, how they will give you Peace the *shortest Way*: I know, some People are apt to object against Peace, such as *Tories* will procure you; but for my Part, I see, we can have no Peace of our own making, I mean among our selves, and therefore a *Tory* Peace with *France* may be wanting, and if it would but bring us to perfect Union, let us have it, say I, according to the *Spanish Proverb*, which in *English* says, *Let the Cure be wrought, tho' the Devil be the Doctor*.

A *Whore*, according to *Solomon*, will bring a Man to a Morsel of Bread; so a *Tory* Peace of *France* will bring us all to Peace at Home; perhaps it will be objected, that this is punning upon the Text, and that the Meaning of *Solomon* is, that a *Whore* will bring a Man to WANT a Morsel of Bread: Indeed, I am but a bad Interpreter, not understanding Grammar as a late Author told you; but if that Paraphrase be just, I am right still, and if you will have it be, that a *Tory* Peace with *France* will bring us to WANT Peace at Home, it may be right too, and still my Allegory will hold, for let the *Tories* but bring us to see the Want of Peace at Home, and we will tell our selves the Way

Way to get it; for all our Misery is, that we do not see our Want of Peace among our selves.

Upon the Whole, *Gentlemen*, I think, I have unanswerable Arguments to use with you, why you should by all means choose a *Tory* Parliament, there are abundant Uses they will be necessary to, and I think, we are come to such a Crisis, that we want them above all things; nay, hardly any thing else can save us, a stupid Lethargy of Soul has possess'd us, and doz'd our Politick Capacities; nothing but such an Exercise as this can rouse us, the *Tories* are the best Doctors in the World, for a *Whig* wrapt up in Chagrin and Envy at his Brother, who hates his Friend if advanc'd without him, and thinks no Body capable but himself; that will not own the Work, if he has not the doing of it, and cannot bear to see a wiser Man than himself doing his Country's Works. O *Gentlemen*, the Power of this Gall, this Root of Bitterness among you is not to be rooted out, but by the Application of Antipathies; bring but in a little *Tory* Physick, this Distemper will dissipate, and the malignant Particles will evaporate presently; a few Drops of *Essence of Tory Politicks*, with an equal Quantity of *Spirit of High-Church* infused into the Mass of *Whigism*, will rectifie all the corroded Humours, dispell the Poisons, that Sloth, Envy, Pride and Prejudice may have contracted, and bring the Blood of the Party into a true Circulation.

Be perswaded therefore, *Gentlemen*, if you have any Design to cure the Distempers of the Times, and bring the Nation to its Wits again; be perswaded to choose a Parcel of honest *Tories* to represent you in this Parliament, and *the Work is done*; besides, how can it be a Representative else? How can Men with Eyes in their Heads be said to represent a blind Nation? Can awaked Members represent a stupid, sleeping People; it may be said, these are not of the same Family or the same People. If our Church should elect *Lay-men* for the Convocation, would not the upper House send them Home again, and say, they were not a true Representative? That they must

be of the same Class, and the same Cloth as their Electors; if you will not send *F—s* and *M—s* to Parliament, how shall the Men of this Generation be represented? You will not be just to your selves, if you do not choose them, for while you are pleased to be senseless of Danger, and hardened against invading Pretenders, while Heaven, nor Enemies, nor your Sovereign, nor your Friends can awaken you; you must have the desperate Means apply'd, you must have your own Houses fir'd about your Ears, and then perhaps you will wake. O therefore, *Gentlemen*, choose *Tories*, choose *High Elyers*, *Tackers*, *Shock Dogs*, anything in the World but Men of Sence, and Men of Liberty, for they perfectly doze and rock you a sleep, a Thing more fatal to you, than the deadly Poison of Tyranny and Arbitrary Government.

And be not angry, *Gentlemen*, that I have changed my Tale, *Tempora mutantur*—The last Session indeed I prompted and exhorted to choose Men of Sence, Men of Honesty, Men of Estates, Men that had distinguished themselves in the vindicating our Liberties, and defending the Constitution, Men that made some Pretences to Sobriety and Morals, *but the Case is alter'd*; a Man, that has neither Sence, nor Morals, nor Manners, may now make an *A——n*, or a *L—d M——r*, or a *M——r* of *P——t*, as well as another Man, *nay and better too*, for wise Men are not always useful, and we have been glutted with Politicians already, it is Time to try other Hands.

Again, we want a little Instruction, we want to go to School to Knaves and Fools again; in short, we want Spectacles, and who are the Men you used to buy Spectacles of, but the *Tories*? O *Gentlemen*, if you have any Mind to buy some more Experience, *which it is most plain you want very much*, be sure to choose *Tories*.

Besides, there is another material Reason, why I have changed my Note, *viz.* in the two last Parliaments, when I earnestly pressed you to choose honest Men, and Men of Calmness and Temper, you had weighty Matters before you, such as the suppressing